THE DREAM OF THE SOLAN GOOSE, WITH ADVICE TO Robin Red-Breast, Sent in a Packet From *Leith*.

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THE DREAM

OF THE

SOLAN GOOSE,

WITH

ADVICE

TO

Robin Red-Breast.

Sent in a Packet From Leith

The Dream of the Solan Gooſe, &c.

I'M one of thoſe who in *Baſſe* Iſle,
Where *Bear* did govern longeſt while,
Loſt all my Eggs and Goſlings too,
For *Bear* did make the Deel to do.
I know the *Fox*, and hate his Tricks,
Pray therefore *Bob* ſend him to *Styx*;
May *Cur* and *Puſs* attend him thither,
And all the Traytors ſink together:
Then hearken *Bob* unto my *Song*,
'Tis good, and therefore not too long.

Why *Bob* doſt thou make ſuch a Stir
With *Fox*, and *Puſs*, and *Shabby Cur*?
Are there no other Beaſts but they,
That on the harmleſs Flocks do prey?
The Birds thou alſo haſt miſtook,
In naming none of them but *Rook*;
For *Robin Redbreaſt* and the *Finch*
Did help him out at many a pinch.
Are there no other Birds of Mark,
Near *R——nd* and St. *J——s*'s Park?
Nay ſome will ſwear that there is one
Of *Vultur*-kind near *W——ton*.
Magpys and *Daws*, *Ravens* and *Stork*,
Near *Fu—ham*, *Fu—am*, and near *T—k*;
But from all thoſe in Groves that dwell,
Robin muſt bear away the Bell:
For when he perch'd in Madam's Hall,
He peck'd and mooted on them all,
And ſwore that he himſelf would be
Chief in my Lady's Volary:
Againſt old *Puſs* he did combine
With brisk young *Kits*, one from the *Seyne*.

Wh

Who *Fox's Tabby* did out-do,
In Wantonneſs and Knavery too;
For which young *Puſs* had loſt her Head,
But *Robin* hid her in his Bed.
His other *Kits* had made ſome ſtir
Againſt the *Fox*, Old *Puſs*, and *Cur*;
Who did at laſt thruſt *Robin* out,
But this young *Puſs* they could not rout;
For ſhe ſtill kept my Lady's Favour,
And all the *Vulturs* ſwore to ſave her.
Bob perch'd, and chirp'd, and hop'd about,
To make his Party with the Rout
Of *Magpys*, *Daws*, and *Nightingales*,
Blackbirds, *Linnets*, and *Bobtails*;
But they from him did fly away,
And ſwore he would them all betray,
As he had done in days of yore,
Therefore they would truſt him no more:
For tho' with *Blackbirds* he was bred,
With *Nightingales* and *Thruſhes* fed,
Yet when he came to *Stephen's* Grove,
And Lady's Hall, he wou'd needs rove;
Betray'd his old Friends, and their Cauſe,
To Carrion *Crows* and Keckling *Daws*,

Vulturs,

Vulturs, and *Kites*, and *Harpys* ſoul;
And ſcreech'd at night like diſmal *Owl*.
He arm'd himſelf with *Gooſe*'s Quills,
Cock's Spurs, *Kite*'s Talons, *Vultur*'s Bills;
That all the feather'd Tribes did ſwear,
Never ſuch Monſter haunted there.
But *Robin*, if thou would'ſt recover
Thy former Credit, and Come over,
Without a Trick, to the old Grove
Where Birds in native Freedom rove:
Put off thy monſtrous falſe Attire,
Which was ne'er left thee by thy Sire;
Then we will join with thee to ſlur
The *Fox*, the ſcratching *Puſs*, and *Cur*.
But tell us plain both when and where,
From *Fox* did *Tabby* Meſſage bear,
To make the Cub o'er Beaſts the Heir.
Pray *Bob* don't croak, but ſweetly ſing,
In native Notes, tell us this thing:
Thou need'ſt no Conſequences fear,
For all the winged Squadrons ſwear,
That honeſt *Bob* they'l harmleſs bear;
And form a Junto which ſhall drub
The treach'rous *Fox* and his *Bear*'s *Cub*;

For Beaſts and Birds will both be ſorry,
That *Fox* and *Cub* their Young ſhould worry.
All thy old Tricks ſhall be forgot,
If thou do plainly prove this Plot:
Then ſpeak in time, e'er Beaſts and Birds
Be ſent home to their ſeveral Herds,
But if thou keep'ſt us in ſuſpence,
And be brought off by glittering Pence,
Thou ſhalt not long hop, chirp, and peck,
Fox, *Puſs*, and *Cur* will wring thy Neck:
Vulturs and *Kites* from Lillys come,
The *Bears* among the Thiſtles foam,
Wolves from Potatoes ſwear thy Doom.
You ſee how *Fox*, with gilded Grains,
His Power o'er Birds and Beaſts maintains;
And makes the Grove with Notes to ring,
He loves not *Cub*, nor no ſuch thing:
But he and th' other Beaſts took care
To keep out that preſumptive Heir;
That he 'mong Thiſtles ſhould not ſhelter,
And ſav'd ſome *Solan Geeſe* from Halter.
Yet each good Bird and Beaſt ſuppoſes
The *Cub*, Potatoes, Thiſtles, Roſes,

By *Fox*'s means hopes to regain,
When *Wolves* attend him o'er the Main.
Then pray, Good *Bob*, break this Neſt-Egg;
Let *Fox* be hang'd, t'atone for *G——gg*:
That all the Birds may loudly pray,
Bob live for ever and for ay;
And all the Beaſts *Amen* will ſay.
My Lady then will live in peace,
And *Bob* may have his former Place.

BUT if you my Advice deſpiſe,
May *Puſs* ſcratch out both *Robins* Eyes,
And *Fox* ſhare in the Sacrifice.

I am, Dear Bob,

Thine Own

Solan Gooſe.